

The St. Joseph's Collegian

Collegeville, Indiana.



March, 1932

Dedication

TO THE NOBLE GENIUS
UNDER WHOSE DIRECTION
OUR GLORIOUS REPUBLIC
WAS USHERED INTO BEING.

George Washington

1732 - 1932

The St. Joseph's Collegian

February 15, 1932

Volume XX

Number Five

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WASHINGTON, THE STATESMAN

by Robert Nieset

In considering Washington as a statesman, there is no need to confine ourselves either to his foreign policy or to the work of organization which he so brilliantly executed at home. All we need do is consider those principles of government which he attempted to apply, and are applicable still in our own day. Not only was Washington a great pioneer, a great soldier, and a great administrator, but his mind was attuned to the principles of international and domestic statecraft. As a statesman he was confronted by and foresaw many of the grievous complexities that naturally beset a young republic, and as a parting service to his country he outlined in a farewell address the policy he thought would best meet the exigencies of future administrations.

Washington seemed to realize that a government whose policies were to vary with the changing platforms of parties in power—for in Washington's day the partisan element was already waxing—could not successfully carry on diplomatic relations with countries whose policies had been taking shape through centuries. He held the United States to be a sovereign entity entitled to the diplomatic amenities and privileges exercised by other nations. He demanded that the United States be recognized in the field of international relations and commerce to which all nations should have access. Promising recruits from

agrarian America had to be schooled to some extent in diplomacy. American interests abroad had to be represented. How was he to do it, and remain free of European entanglements?

Washington truly faced a difficult problem. To remain outside the fold of civilized nations meant disaster. Alternately, the change of administration every four years implied that the men in power had scarcely time to learn their duties, let alone fulfill them. But the Virginian did things! He laid down a foreign policy which seemed to admit of a minimum of intrigue; then turning to the domestic issue, he made an eloquent appeal for unity and a national attitude. Summarily, these are the requirements according to which Washington had to fashion his administration: that of binding the states into a national unit; of creating a definite attitude out of a chameleon-like democracy and shifting tides of opinion; the need of placing the United States in its proper international status, and of maintaining simple, open, diplomatic relations.

First we might direct our attention to Washington's principles for home organization. He brought all his efforts to bear in preserving a united people under the auspices of liberty guided by an exalted sense of justice and benevolence. Over thirteen unruly, individualistic states a national government had been set up somewhat in the manner of a coup d'etat. The drawing up of the constitution had been shrouded in Hamiltonian circumspection. Agrarian America was reluctant to place its faith and a portion of its liberty in a federal government. Had not a centralized rule just been shaken off? Could not local legislatures act more favorably on the problems directly concerned with provincial America than a federal machine legislating for all the states? Sec-

tional interests ran high; local prejudices were very strong. Many men clung to the radical view of democracy they had imbibed in the fiery revolutionary days. Business men and speculators had private interests at stake. In general nearly all the representatives that made up the first congress went to their posts with regional grievances to vent—as indeed they go today.

Even in Washington's circle of associates there was disagreement. Hamilton and Jefferson each were fighting for the supremacy of the classes they respectively represented. It seems that the chief executive alone preserved a sacred regard for public justice. The entire personnel of the first administration had to be induced to give over their local prejudices; from this government Washington had literally to wring the mutual concessions requisite for the general prosperity of the country. And in the end he succeeded. The government is not its form, not its constitution, not the high sounding paper enunciating rights and principles, but the man at the head. If there is no man at the helm, there is no government. There may be an elaborate scheme of bureaus and departments, but that is only a front concealing the active forces, forces that usually won't bear exposure. Today we need a Washington, a one man band, a government.

Turning to Washington's foreign policy, we see outlined several very definite principles which might well serve as the standard of any nation's international conduct. In presenting the norms which Washington has laid down for the American diplomatic corps, it will serve our purpose best to combine them into several groups in an attempt to draw a picture of the whole, rather than to outline each one in detail.

Avoidance of attachment to a particular nation and an abstention from permanent alliances is Washington's first bit of counsel. Inveterate antipathies on the part of the neglected are the invariable consequences of undue warmth in the friendship of any two nations. Furthermore, excessive friendship, say between the United States and France, might lead, in America, to a discrimination against English interests and commerce in favor of the French. Lucrative exchange between American and English merchants is impaired, and the American as well as the English public suffers. Or it may be that one administration in America has been extremely friendly with France. The succeeding administration, whose campaign is financed by capitalists suffering from discrimination against England, severs the friendship with France and strengthens relations with England. The result, a French animosity toward America.

That permanent alliances lead to trouble is quite evident from the Great War. The formidable combatants were allied on opposing sides long before a little spark set off the mighty conflagration. Germany seeks an alliance with Austria, and France, fearing trouble, opens negotiations with England. The allied powers on each side take alarm and soon the whole world is huddled into two hostile camps. Had the United States been in permanent alliance with a European power in nineteen-fourteen it would have been drawn into the war much sooner, and its loss both in money and lives, would have been much greater.

Again, Washington insisted upon the preservation of good faith toward all nations. The key-note of American diplomacy was to be peace and harmony. Foreign obligations were to be precisely fulfilled. The

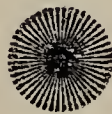
undying benefits of such a policy, its morality and honesty need scarcely be discussed. In our present day when morals and ethics are built upon a pragmatic basis, there is reason to doubt whether Washington's policy of good faith is much in force. Indeed it has become questionable whether plain dealing is superior to an affected modesty, at least in effect.

One aspect of the Washingtonian policy has been assiduously, if not systematically applied, that is the extension of commercial relations and liberal intercourse. American capital has surrounded the world; foreign products abound in our shops. Matches from Scandinavia, saltpeter from Chile, watches from Switzerland, and trinkets from the orient find American markets. Parts of the Vatican are trussed with American steel, the whole world rides in Fords, and thousands of Americans sigh over their foreign bonds now in default. It is because of the latter fact that one must say that Washington's policy of extension has not been judiciously carried out. The same fact is an indictment of the business man as a diplomat. Charles Beard asserts that in nineteen-twenty-seven a certain German statesman informed him that Europe's plan was to borrow as much American capital as possible in the hope that sometime the United States government would be obliged to cancel reparations as a means of protecting private American interests. Behold the moratorium!

Washington seems to have visualized the contest that was to be waged over disarmament. He propounds a very reasonable principle, but it may take a Washington to apply it. A respectable defensive posture, he argues, should be maintained; overgrown military establishments should be avoided. One might wonder why Washington should deem even a

defensive posture necessary since he advised such a pacific foreign policy, but Washington realized what pacifists of today leave out of consideration, namely, that governments and men are human. He realized that governments are no stronger than the men who make them, and may even be much weaker than the nation at large. An adequate defense wards off the possibility of foreign imposition upon a gullible administration. The untoward results of over militarization are familiar enough. Besides being conducive to antagonism, excessive armament, imposing a ruinous levy upon the people, withdraws many a dollar from profitable exchange—a fact which merits consideration in view of our present economic situation.

Upon European politics, Washington also hung the placard, "beware." All in all, the Virginian quite properly appreciated the intricacies and intrigues of European affairs. He knew that the staid powers of Europe would not soon cease to look upon America as a colonial fairyland, and in fact Europe today looks upon the United States as a haughty child with a large pocketbook. Washington realized the dangers imminent for a young republic on becoming entangled with the centralized powers centuries old, and his cautions were and are wise. In every instance where America has stepped into European affairs, America has come out the loser. Diplomacy requires long training—perhaps even blood from a line of diplomats. Democratic America has little if any of that ingenuous blood.



The Name of Our Country's Father

by L. C. Storch

Turn to sand, thou rough old granite stone,
While o'er thee sweeps the stormy tide of time
And gives thee blows that come from angry hand
To scatter thee o'er every realm and clime.
Not so with thee, thou great and noble name,
Shall time and tide with all their fierce onslaught
Proceed to deal, for thou art mighty grown
And hast revealed a strength outlasting stone.

It was from deeds immortal that this name
Derived such glory in this country vast
That twofold cent'ries find it quite the same
As when 'twas first in golden letters cast
To signify that Washington had wrought
The work which earned the sum that Freedom
bought.



LOWER MOMENTS

by Raphael H. Gross

My first intimate acquaintance with Washington, as I recall it, was formed one rainy mid-summer day in our old general depository, the attic. Throughout the morning a relentless downpour of rain denied my brother and me the out-of-doors freedom that we had learned to love. At a loss for entertainment (for we were dissipators of repute), we conceived what to us was the happy idea of rummaging once more through the discarded antiques of the dusky attic. The scene, we knew, would not be unfamiliar: a motley heap of out-of-style clothes, a number of odd-looking pictures gracing the low walls, broken furniture, sacks of pop-corn and nuts hanging under the rafters, and other rather nameless things. Nevertheless we advanced for the attack, and entered the "junk-room."

The place was dimly lighted and dirty. On the roof immediately above us the rain was dancing a saturnalia of wild triumph. Why shouldn't it? It was our captor; we were conquered and helplessly imprisoned. But determined to make the best of our misfortune, we approached a dusty stack of old volumes standing defiantly against the rough wall near the one window of the dingy room. Formerly my brother and I had neglected to familiarize ourselves with these old books. Now was our chance! With a stout shove of his foot my brother felled the high stack. It tumbled onto the loose floorboards with a crash that sent a whirlwind of dust beating through the room, and resulted in a half dozen books split and torn to pieces.

Shielding our faces with our hands, we waited for the dust to settle. Then began our examination of the scattered and ruined mass of books.

"German, every one German!"

"Here are some that aren't."

Six books revealed themselves as productions of an early American press. Now they were but yellow relics. One of the volumes was Johnson's "Famous Indian Chiefs;" the others comprised Irving's five-volumed "Life of Washington." With little or nothing else to do, my brother decided to read Johnson, while reluctantly I started Vol I. of the "Life." In the succeeding days I avidly finished the set of five. For me the spark of the love for studying history was ignited by Irving's "Washington," a spark that I have ever since tried to fan to bright, glowing flame.

From the chief historical achievement of Irving I have, to a great measure, retained a full-length portrait of the Father of our Republic. The biography, I well remember, presents with wonderful precision and completeness the nature and career of a great, lovable American. In Washington, by some strange decree of Nemesis, were placed all the qualities of a colonial planter, of a soldier and commander-in-chief, of a statesman and president—like Wellington, an ideal popular hero. In the pages of Irving he appears at Braddock's defeat as the dashing daring, young soldier; in the crossing of the Delaware he turns the romantic, reckless adventurer; Valley Forge confirms his spirit of long-suffering, endurance, and confidence in God; at Brandywine he is the courageous leader; and at Yorktown, the victorious conqueror. From then on, as the Prince of Liberty, he was idolized, and, through coming generations, immortalized.

In every crisis of war and politics, Washington, with his cool level-headedness, was master. All his life he checked the fierce wrath that sometimes al-

most of necessity leaped up within him—all his life, but twice. On two notable occasions, it is known, his anger consumed his self-control as though it were a casing of straw: when he was informed of General Lee's infidelity at Monmouth, and St. Clair's carelessness on the Indian expedition of 1791. Washington's explosive reaction to the news of St. Clair's defeat, in particular, has been for me a peculiar source of fascination. Often told to me by my father, the Washington-St. Clair drama has in my mind taken the likeness of a legend, so much so that I cannot resist recounting it here. Its theatre was Mercer County, Ohio, on the very site where "Mad" Anthony Wayne, the Scourge of the Indians and successor to St. Clair, hopefully erected Fort Recovery.

By 1790, Indian depredations and massacres, conducted by the Indians of the Wabash and Miami rivers under the wily chief, Little Turtle, were becoming so frequent, and so many frontiersmen were being reduced to deplorable captivity, that Congress effected important measures to augment military establishments and to increase the President's powers of protecting the frontiers. Late expeditions against the belligerent tribes had proved unsuccessful and disgraceful. Both Congress and the President voiced their disgust and total dissatisfaction at the mortifying results of General Hamar's punitive sally against Little Turtle and the Miamis; Hamar had been outwitted by the ambushes of the Miami chief. Accordingly President Washington called to Philadelphia and appointed his old comrade-in-arms, Major General Arthur St. Clair, at the time governor of the Northwest Territory, as commander-in-chief of the new Indian expedition. Wishing him instant success, Washington bid his friend farewell,

but left a stern warning ringing in his ears: "General St. Clair, you have your instructions from the Secretary of War. I had a strict eye on them, and will add but one word—Beware of a surprise! You know how the Indians fight. I repeat it—BEWARE OF A SURPRISE!"

Leaving the Capitol (then Philadelphia), General St. Clair began his journey for Fort Washington (now Cincinnati) via Fort Pitt to hasten preparations for his formidable task. Delays in the forwarding of supplies, the undisciplined character of the militia, the carelessness of the quartermaster, all were obstacles that had to be overcome. St. Clair himself was suffering severe attacks of gout; he was a weak, sickly veteran of the War of Independence, wholly unfitted for the strenuous responsibilities that the present expedition demanded.

During the days of 1791 an army of 2300, consisting to a great extent of riff-raff troops, was gradually assembled. On October 4, St. Clair began his northward march for the Indian villages. His first stop was at the Great Miami where, on the high benches bordering the river, he built Fort Hamilton. Cutting a way through the wilderness, he pushed ahead forty-five miles further, laid the last log to Fort Jefferson (Greenville, Ohio) on October 24, and marched on. Now his troubles began. Food grew scarce, sickness spread among the troops, the weather suddenly turned bad, making the way almost impassable. Soldiers deserted by the scores. Signs of prowling Indian scout-parties became more frequent, yet he himself sent out no explorers. Over his army hung complete demoralization. To make matters worse, the second in command, General Thomas Butler, took ill. Finally, on November 3, the doomed army, now dwindled down to 1400,

camped on an eastern tributary of the Wabash at the place where Fort Recovery now stands.

After the daily review next morning, and just as the first streaks of dawn were brightening the sky, the Indians, ambushed among the undergrowth and fallen timbers of the valley, made a sudden assault on the militia, which had camped separately across the river. The appalling whoops and yells, the rattling of Indian musketry, and the terrible fury of the attack drove the frightened militia headlong into the main camp. Hot on their heels came the painted throng of warriors. Everywhere confusion reigned.

Drums beat. Despite their complete dismay the troops grabbed their guns and fired a roaring volley into the face of the oncoming horde. Instantly it fled to cover. And now each party fought according to its own tried tactics. Plumed braves stealthily crouched behind every thicket and bush, every log and tree. Strictly adhering to military rules, the soldiers arrayed themselves in a compact body, with the artillery in the middle. The outcome was inevitable. Fighting against an unseen foe, the Americans were brutally massacred. Officer after officer, conspicuous in his uniform, was picked off. The troops fought confusedly, but never more valiantly. Again and again they tried to retain the cannon, only to fall on the bloody heap around the carriages. Heroic bayonet charges were made to dislodge the Indians. But in vain. For as soon as the soldiers wheeled about, the braves became the pursuers, and poured a more deadly shower of lead into the stricken mass of Americans. The unfortunate St. Clair, carried about on a litter, shouted words of encouragement to his still more unfortunate troops. Six bullets pierced his clothes. Up and down the disorderly lines went General Butler, till a stray bullet

shattered his thigh. While Butler was having his wound dressed in his tent, a bold redskin dashed through the camp and into the door, tomahawked, and quickly scalped him. That murderous Indian was killed by the attending surgeon before he could escape.

For three dark hours, St. Clair battled hopelessly, till his men, of whom not five hundred remained, were cut off from their road of retreat. Victory was with the Indians. After their first charge the Indians had fought in silence, but now, in their hour of triumph, they sent up a hideous cry of vengeance. St. Clair, fully aware of his position and determined to gain the road at any price and thereby rescue the remnant of his butchered army, ordered the fragments of the battalions to charge and regain their sole means of escape. Headed by Colonel Drake, a column of the more cool-headed regulars fell upon the Indians with such fierceness as to drive them well beyond the pass. Like a herd of wild bulls, the exhausted troops fled for their lives down the forest avenue. No attempt was made to save anything but life. Never was there a wilder rout. St. Clair tried hard to inject order into the retreat, but every horse had been shot in the fight. A mule was all that was left, and that could not be forced out of a walk; so the crippled General abandoned the attempt. For five miles the Indians pursued the fugitives, but at length their greed for the spoils and booty of the battlefield overcame their lust for greater carnage. In utter panic, the fleeing troops finally reached Ft. Jefferson just before dark. (It had taken them seven days to march up.)

"Never," says Theodore Roosevelt, "was there such a crushing Indian victory." Today, little sandhills between Fort Recovery and Greenville testify to the riotous consternation of the retreat: the graves

of its victims. "General St. Clair, Beware of a surprise!" How well the grief-stricken general recalled Washington's words of warning. Oh, how they scourged his conscience! burned through the last fibre of his soul!

The news of St. Clair's humiliating defeat spread eastward like wildfire. Everyone blamed the poor general. As he passed through settlements and towns on his next journey east, he was hissed and jeered by the indignant populace. Along the western frontier a cry of terror rose. Little Turtle, it was said, had only a thousand warriors, and St. Clair by sheer negligence had given him the victory. The number of Indians who fought in this battle is not accurately known, but there is good evidence that the famous Miami chief did not lead them. On that terrible day, the tribes were under the command of Thayendanege, known by his English name as Joseph Brant, a renegade half-breed. Under the influence of the British he had been induced to take up the hatchet. St. Clair's defeat is one more episode joined to the name of Joseph Brant.

One evening, before the news of the disaster had reached there, a horseman galloped through the dim streets of Philadelphia. At President Washington's residence a courier from the western army dismounted and knocked at the door. A servant informed him that the President was at dinner, entertaining guests. But the officer insisted that he must see Washington—he had grave dispatches from St. Clair. The servant summoned Mr. Lear, secretary of the President, to whom the messenger communicated his news, but would not depart till Washington knew about the affair. Secretary Lear went in and hesitantly called for the President, who stepped into the hallway and hastily looked over the papers. But no one knew what had passed, for the face of

Washington remained as placid and motionless as ever. Not till the last visitor had left, not until he and Mr. Lear were alone, did the President speak a word concerning the matter.

He slowly and silently paced up and down the room, with still no visible change in his dignified bearing. Then, taking a seat on the sofa near the fireplace, he motioned for Mr. Lear to sit down. Suddenly he burst out in vehement wrath.

"It's all over!—St. Clair's defeated!—routed: the officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale; the rout complete; too shocking to think of, and a surprise into the bargain!"

A pause. Rising from the sofa, Washington again walked back and forth across the room in silence, his whole frame shaking with extreme emotion. He stopped. Another and more violent outburst of anger followed.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "HERE, on this very spot, I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor, 'You have your instructions from the Secretary of War,' I said, 'I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word, BEWARE OF A SURPRISE! You know how the Indians fight. I repeat, BEWARE OF A SURPRISE!' He went off with that, my last warning, thrown into his ears. And yet!! To suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked, by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against—O God! O God!" (As if in a throe, he threw his hands madly in the air, his very being trembling with furious passion.) "He's worse than a murderer! How can he answer it to his country! The blood of the slain is upon him—the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of heaven!"

Mr. Lear was struck dumb. He sat on the sofa terrified into a breathless silence by this storm of invective. But the paroxysm had faded. Once more

regaining his usual serenity, the President again took his seat by the hearth. He seemed shamefully chagrined by the ungovernable outburst that had seized him.

"This must not go beyond this room," he said very quietly, "General St. Clair shall have justice. I looked hastily through the dispatches; saw the whole disaster, but not all the particulars. I will receive him without displeasure; I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have full justice."

For the second time in his life, Washington's calmness and restraint of temper had deserted him: the self-controlled passion of the soldier, the undisturbable mind of the statesman had yielded to a lower moment. Once more, but never again.

Washington was true to his promise. Just because of this dreadful outbreak he treated St. Clair with a justice born of scrupulosity. A deep, passionate observance for law, for absolute obedience and responsibility was inborn in his character. That he was so prompt, so orderly, so exacting about the little things of life, can be attributed only to his sublime regard for righteousness. In graver matters this concern made him "unselfishly and wholly consecrated to the country which trusted him. In all his dealings, just; he was the soul of honor." Though St. Clair's conduct had stirred his wrath, Washington felt that no crime was intended against himself. In his unusual anger, he beheld the general false to the confidence which God and his fellowmen had placed in him. "Great as his godly character appeared, he was but human. Yet he enshrined himself in the hearts of his people not in spite of his human attributes, but rather because of them, and hence he could understand and hold the good will of his subordinates."



A FAMOUS FARMER

by William J. Coleman

Jack Straw, a Lollard, in the fourteenth century used to mumble this bit of verse:

“When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?”

Evidently Jack, at least in the first line of his ditty, wished to let the world know that since the beginning of time, “Adam delved,” or in pure Anglo-Saxon, Adam was a farmer. On his exodus from Paradise, Adam was first confronted with that eternal question: “What do we eat, Eve?” Forced by circumstances Adam at once had to dig and delve. Farming, therefore, is the oldest of man’s professions.

By its very nature, that of supplying sustenance for man, farming has become the most important labor for man. The low esteem in which the farmer is held today is but the result of snobbish shallow-mindedness on the part of the pseudo-sophisticated urban dweller. More than this, tillage of the soil is considered as one of the pivotal points in the development of civilization. Authorities tell us that cultivation of the soil marks that stage at which man turns from the barbarian to the civilized state. When once a man gives up the chase, settles down in one place and begins to seek a living from the earth’s crust, then, and then only, has he begun to take up the pursuance of that art of all arts, civilization. Daniel Webster, a man who is valued for his sound opinions, considers the farmer as the founder of civilization—and rightly so. Webster draws this statement from the argument that only when tillage of the soil is commenced can art and its outcome, civilization, follow. History, that colossal

monumental record of human deeds, is replete with many such arguments as the one which Mr. Webster offers.

The Romans were farmers before they were empire builders. Agriculture was so intimate a part of their life that they had a goddess, Ceres by name, to whom they prayed that their fields might yield fruitful crops.

Pope with his heroic couplet portrays the situation admirably:

"When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield."

Our Ceres is a bit modernized, but he (our Ceres is invariably male) still performs the traditional duties as inculcated by Miss Ceres. Of course, like Ceres, our weather man who helps the farmer mightily by his timely weather forecasts, makes mistakes, but the poets say "even the gods will err" and, therefore, so does our weather man.

The old Mexicans, too, expressed the same attitude toward "man's noblest occupation." They were wont to pray fervently to their quaint little female figurines that the goddesses would be propitious and make the jumbo beans plentiful.

We haven't the goddess, but we have the crops. A happy thought strikes me—perhaps our high officials serve as our farm deities. Witness the vast labors of the last year's Farm Relief Committee! The committee did wonders! It was typical of Hoover's committees. The gentlemen in question had several meetings, made out a report of "whereas's," collected their fat salaries, and left the farmer just as unrelieved, if not more so, than before the forming of the committee.

Now, as I return to the topic of this essay, after this somewhat lengthy digression; and as I am about to speak of a farmer famous among us Americans, a picture of old Rome presents itself to my mind.

When the imperial messengers, sent by popular demand, came to the dwelling of Cincinnatus they found this worthy engaged in the laudable labor of hoeing the garden. Some say that he was plowing but the point is, he was farming. Without making any bones of the matter, Cincinnatus forthwith left the hoe—or plow—standing at the garden's gate and departed for Rome with all possible dispatch. There at Rome, he set things in order with his masterful control of affairs and then returned to his country home.

Cincinnatus is the exact prototype of George Washington. Some may not know it, but Washington was none other than a prosperous farmer before he was called to the services of the infant republic.

It might be over-working the allusion a bit to say that the representatives of Congress found Washington struggling with the soil when they brought their message informing him that he was to be the commander of the Continental army. Yet there are sufficient reasons to believe that the times were many when Washington bent his stalwart back over reluctant clods and stumpy fields. To his farm he returned when he had finished serving his country.

Washington's love for farming can be no better expressed than by quoting his very words: "I think that the life of husbandry of all others is the most delectable. It is honorable, it is amusing, and with judicious management it is profitable. To see plants rise from the earth and flourish by the superior skill and bounty of the laborer fills a contem-

plative mind with ideas which are more easy to be conceived than expressed."

Even in his busy public life Washington was never too busy to write to the manager of his farm at Mount Vernon. Washington on his goodwill trip through New England made copious notes on farming. Even when governmental duties demanded Washington's time he invariably found leisure to read any article on agriculture that might come his way.

Beside the usual duties of the farm, that of planting the crops, reaping them etc., Washington did more. In his day the cowboy and the cattle ranch had not as yet taken their place in the development of the United States. Cattle raising was carried on by the wealthier farmers, and Washington was one of these. Washington's diary reveals his activities in cattle raising. Here is a typical entry:

Nov. 1, 1795—Send one bull, eighteen cows and five calves to Doeg Aun; in all, twenty-four head branded on ye buttock W. G. (W. G. was Washington's branding iron.) The gentlemen in Texas haven't a thing on George Washington in the way of branding cattle.

Many people look upon Washington as being a great military leader or a great statesman. Few regard him as a high class farmer. Yet this is precisely what Washington was; he declares himself to be such. In present times when the farmer receives but scant notice; when political machinery forces him to quit his profession, it will be well in place that the sophisticated should reflect just a little before they undertake to detract from the farmer's position, for in doing so, they become plainly unpatriotic. Was not the father of their country a farmer? To detract from his glory by belittling his profession is certainly nothing short of being un-American.

Washington

by Robert Nieset

The keystone of the arch of independence;
A soul relentless in its struggle to be free;
No Chillon dared to tame its noble passion,
Roused to break a dire oppression.
Courage fired by a constant faith;
A gentleman, a general, and a statesman,
Protagonist of glorious liberty!
O Washington, what heritage have we?
America, America the free!

Ode for Washington's Birthday

(Pindaric)

by Joseph Wittkofski

I.

STROPHE

Amid Virginia's hills and dales
Potomac strides to meet the gales
Which from the salty seas have lately come
To greet the river's currents frolicsome.
The swelling blue now softly flows,
As o'er the waves the mild wind blows
To scatter far the filmy rainbow light
And hold at bay the threat'ning pall of night
Far as the depths where sunset glows.

ANTISTROPHE

Here sparkling rays in wistful beam
Like golden darts through shadows gleam
And break in tinsel sheen on aging tomb
In hope to bar the evening's coming gloom;
For nature once more would revere
The man who's dead and buried here.
For him, her soothing taps from woodland cell
She sounds; o'er plains the dying echoes swell
To urge deep silence far and near.

EPODE

A wearied traveller gazes on this scene;
His head is bowed, and with devoted mien
He kneels before the hallowed place
To grace the tomb whose walls embrace
The famous founder of his race.
His pensive mind is lifted up in prayer;
He seems to see his country's father there.
Although the earthly form is dead,
A potent spirit stands o'er head
To guard against the foes who might ensnare
The land whose armies once he led.

II.

STROPHE

Oh worthy father of the brave
You are not dead, nor in the grave,
Your living spirit guards that happy land
Which is the work of your directing hand.
A beacon light you shall remain
To lead that heaven-blest domain
Through trying times with all their darkened days
And glorify this land with freedom's rays
That lasting fame it may obtain.

ANTISTROPHE

That forest land of olden days,
On which at first you bent your gaze,
Has passed away, and now great fertile plains
Are greening with the stalks of new-sown grains.
The towns that once were hardly known,
Into large cities now have grown
Where millions toil with joy on freedom's strand
And join to praise your name from land to land:
A world now claims you for its own.

EPODE

On plated bronze and deep-carved mountain sides
It will be shown that faith in you abides
And that America will trust
Your mem'ry shall not turn to dust,
And that she ne'er will be unjust
To her brave lord who brought a lasting end
To all for which harsh despots may contend.
Each tyrant frowns upon your name
While worlds of freedom hail your fame;
And these will hark, and with their lives defend
Your name, the glow, of freedom's flame.



A STORY OF FRIENDSHIP

by Alexander A. Leiker

“ . . . and it is a picture well worthy to be hung up in history,—this cordial and enduring alliance, of the calm, dignified, sedate Washington, matured in years and wisdom, and the young, buoyant, enthusiastic Lafayette.”

—Washington Irving.

It all began at a dinner party. The British fleet under Admiral Lord Howe had made its appearance off the Delaware capes, and Washington had moved his army into Pennsylvania and then came on to Philadelphia. Here a public dinner was being served to the commander-in-chief. Lafayette who had arrived from France shortly before, was also invited. Even at the court of Versailles he had never felt greater excitement than when he first appeared in the parlor crowded with officers, members of Congress, politicians, and eminent citizens. In the heat of the August afternoon he was perspiring as he glanced excitedly at the guests.

At the other end of the room was Washington. He was wearing the blue and buff uniform of the continental army; his hair was well powdered and dressed according to European fashion. On his face he wore a drawn but friendly expression together with a certain air of nobility. Calm and complete master of himself, he spoke gravely to those standing about him. There he stood—patient, on his guard, the “unpretentious dictator of this democracy about which he never had any illusions.”

A mere glance at Washington enabled Lafayette to recognize him, and easily so, by the majesty of his countenance and his tall form. After a moment's gaze of surprise, Lafayette pressed through

the crowd and soon stood before the great general. The latter received him with such a "noble and affable welcome" that it dispelled all his timidity and made him wholly at ease. Despite the wide disparity in age—Lafayette was not yet twenty, while Washington was forty-nine—there was an instant understanding between the two men of war. Not having time to say much at the moment, Washington waited until the party was breaking up when he drew the youthful Lafayette aside to have a little chat with him.

Washington, as well as Congress, had long since been embittered against the great number of Frenchmen who presented applications for positions of high rank in the American service. Many of them had turned out to be what Congress called merely impostors and needy adventurers.

But the story which Lafayette told Washington called attention to a very different case. Here was the gallant Lafayette, who already at the age of nineteen was a captain of dragoons in the French army and who, when in 1776 he first learned of the troubles in America, was fired with enthusiasm and "thought of nothing but of adding also the aid of my banner." To this end he had torn himself away from his youthful bride of two years; had obtained a recommendation from Silas Deane, the American representative at Paris, to enter the American service as major-general; and contrary to the advice of his friends and against the will of his king, he had determined to set out for America. At his own expense he had purchased and fitted out a vessel, but nevertheless, was arrested by his own government. Having escaped from custody in disguise, he embarked and, two months later, set foot on American soil. After he had sworn that he would

vanquish or perish with the American cause, he hastened to Philadelphia, then the seat of government, to present his letter of recommendation to Congress. Here added to a chilly reception he was called an impostor, an adventurer. He was even insulted. But he would startle all by a note to Congress; "After the sacrifices I have made, I have a right to exact two favors: the one is, to serve at my own expense; the other is, to serve at first as a volunteer."

So runs the story of a heroic philanthropy which reached out of its own sphere to lend its aid in seeking welfare and freedom, in spite of suffering, for strangers. Yet such was the beginning of that story which immortalized Lafayette.

This spirit of enthusiasm deeply impressed the generous heart of Washington which immediately warmed towards this self-sacrificing youth, this noble Frenchman, who left no stone unturned in the cause of America, the cause of liberty. Washington folding him in his arms complimented him on his unrelenting zeal and showed that he loved him as a son by telling him to use the national headquarters as his home. How Washington subsequently proved himself a life-long friend, and how Lafayette returned all affections so as to make a mutual friendship as warm on one side as on the other, can easily be seen from events that happened during the remaining years of war and during the rest of their lives.

Very shortly after this first meeting with Washington, Lafayette joined the army, holding the rank and commission of major-general. He was so anxious for action and so brave and daring that on several occasions his fatherly friend became alarmed for his safety and welfare. On the day that Cornwallis

marched on Philadelphia driving before him Sullivan's army, Lafayette in an effort to stop the retreat, received a wound in his leg. When Washington was apprised of the accident, he hastened to him. Deeply moved, he ordered him to retire and have his wound dressed. "Treat him as if he were my son," he told the surgeons.

When Lafayette heard, however, that Washington had mentioned his courage to Congress, nothing could matter. He was delighted that his actions had pleased the commander-in-chief whose name he did not fail to mention in the next letter to his wife in France. "Be at ease," he says, "about the treatment of my wound, for all the doctors in America are aroused in my behalf. I have a friend who has spoken to them in a way to insure my being well cared for, and that is General Washington, that inestimable man, whose talents and virtues I admire who has been kind enough to become my intimate friend."

Further proof of his admiration for Washington is contained in a letter which he wrote to Duke d'Ayen while Washington was suffering at Valley Forge. "Our general is a man truly made for this revolution, which could not be successfully accomplished without him. I see him more closely than any man in the world, and I see that he is worthy of the adoration of his country. His tender friendship and his entire confidence in me in regard to all military and political subjects, great and small, that occupy him, place me in a situation to judge of all that he has to do, all that he has to conciliate and overcome. I admire more each day the beauty of his character and of his soul."

This complete confidence was reciprocal. When a little later Lafayette was to lead an important

expedition into Canada, he passed through innumerable difficulties and dangers. Yet in all his perplexities, he found only one outlet for his feelings, that of laying his whole heart open in letters to Washington. "I have written lately to you of my distressing, ridiculous, foolish, and indeed nameless situation. I am sent, with great noise, at the head of an army for doing great things; the whole continent, France and Europe herself, and, what is worse, the British army are in great expectations." He feared that he was not equal to the task and that his reputation might become involved. In this predicament he was more unhappy than ever, but he adds, "I should be very happy if you were here to give me some advice."

Washington, on this occasion as also later on during the French Revolution, was not long in giving his friendly counsels to calm the anxiety of his youthful friend. "It will be no disadvantage to you," writes he, "to have it known in Europe that you have received so manifest a proof of the good opinion and confidence of Congress as an important detached command."

In 1779 when granted a furlough, Lafayette went back to France. Never had Washington come so near to despair as he did during the absence of his favorite commander. The army, reduced to six thousand men, went five months unpaid, without clothing, and with little to eat; as Washington put it, they were eating "every kind of horse food but hay." But just when the situation seemed gloomiest, there came a letter from Lafayette, announcing his return. Washington read the letter with tears in his eyes and immediately replied to it with a warmth that showed his affectionate regard for the young nobleman. "I received your letter with all the joy

that the sincerest friendship could dictate, and with that impatience which an ardent desire to see you could not fail to inspire."

Great as was the joy of Washington on the arrival of Lafayette, yet how much greater and more unbounded must it have been when he heard the result of his visit to France. Lafayette had made generous efforts which influenced the French government to send a fleet under Chevalier de Ternay, bringing a body of troops to aid the American forces. During those terrible days at Valley Forge, Lafayette had been highly instrumental in bringing about an alliance with France; but now he had made this alliance effective in putting it on a practical basis. Not only Washington, but also Congress pronounced this a fresh proof of the disinterested zeal and persevering attachment which by this time had secured him the confidence and applause of the whole country.

After the war had finally come to an end, Washington went back to Mt. Vernon from where he was soon summoned to New York to take over the reins of government. France now was on the eve of her terrible revolution. Lafayette, besides being urged by a desire to see his family and friends, felt that his presence was needed in his own country; yet he could not depart without a final adieu to his old and trusted friend. The latter, to defer the parting scene, accompanied him to Annapolis; and on returning home wrote him a farewell letter. "In the moment of our separation," he says, "upon the road as I traveled, and every hour since, I have felt all that love, respect, and attachment for you, with which length of years, close connections, and your merits have inspired me." For the last time the two had bid farewell to each other.

Having returned to France, Lafayette was rising

rapidly to the dangerous heights of leadership in the French Revolution; but, by keeping up a constant correspondence with Washington, he had a friend's help and advice at every step. When the tide suddenly turned and Lafayette fell headlong from power ending in an Austrian prison, Washington, although in an extremely difficult position, spared no pains to help him. Nothing was of any avail except money, and this he readily gave indirectly through Madame Lafayette.

Then early in 1800 came the sad news of the death of Washington. Lafayette was more filled with sorrow and regret than ever. He felt lonely and isolated without his "illustrious and fatherly friend." For twenty-four years he suffered trials and tribulations and in 1824 he again returned to America, where, as before, he was received with open arms. Very significant and touching was his visit to the tomb of his dead-but-not-forgotten friend.

While he and his little company of followers were walking in silence up the slope to the tomb, the guns of Fort Washington were booming solemnly and the band was playing a dirge. Lafayette entered alone and knelt long at the sarcophagus. At length he returned oppressed with feelings and recollections that caused tears to run down his cheeks. He had paid a silent homage "to the tomb of the greatest and best of men, my paternal friend."

So runs the story of a most loyal friendship, than which nothing in the history of these two men is more beautiful. Indeed, to an American nothing relating to his "immortal parent" is more to be admired than the mutual attachment that existed between Washington and Lafayette. It is really and truly a picture of poetic beauty woven into the political careers of two of the world's most gallant leaders.



THE BELLS OF MOUNT VERNON

by Urban J. Wurm

“By Potomac’s shore, he sleeps;
As his tomb withstands all time,
By Potomac’s shore.”

I.

The wailing tones and the mournful banjos strummed by negro servants were united with the distant sounds of tolling bells by the melancholy December winds. Throughout the day the sun had failed to shine. Like a purple pall, the darkened skies appeared to spread over the whole earth. Nature seemed to realize the great sorrow that had come upon the nation, for even the song of birds and the hum of insects did not break the oppressive silence. The awful desolation of death could be seen on all sides; Washington, the immortal, had passed away.

In the glimmering shadows of the soft December twilight, many sorrowing forms of that great concourse of people, who had come from distant places to pay their last tribute of respect to the first of Americans, could be seen blended together in a beautiful silhouette by the approaching night. The shades of evening seemed to make the object of their sorrow more plain. Between the mansion house at Mount Vernon and the wharf at the Potomac, sheltered by vines and trees, stood the unpretentious tomb of Washington. This tomb was very plain, built of red brick under Washington’s direction, on a site chosen by himself. It was not, however, until this December twenty-eighth, in the year of seventeen-hundred and ninety-nine, that this tomb encountered the real meaning of death, for it

was then that, amidst the weeping of a nation, George Washington, the father of his country, was laid within its protecting vault.

As the frosty night passed, bells could be heard tolling with sorrow from the distant towns and villages, in memory of that greatest of Americans, George Washington.

II.

Hardly had the trouble following the Revolutionary War been successfully terminated, when the United States was again in the throes of war with her mother country, England. The fortunes of this war were hardly favorable to the American cause, for from the outset, the United States had suffered many serious and disastrous reverses on land. Although the small but mighty American navy had won a succession of glorious triumphs on the high seas, the nation in general was becoming very demoralized. People had refused to pay their heavy federal taxes; men had refused to be recruited for either the army or the navy; worst of all, several prosperous northern states had threatened to secede from the union if the demands of the federal government were forced upon them. It was necessary for Divine Providence to act in order to save the American Republic.

It was a pleasant day of August in the year eighteen-hundred and fourteen when Judge Bushrod Washington, an eminent jurist, and nephew to George Washington, to whom had been bequeathed the home at Mount Vernon, happened to be entertaining a group of prominent jurists and their wives. The men, mostly members of the Supreme Court of the United States, had gathered to discuss the dark political situation of the times, while ample opportunity was given the war-wearied ladies to enjoy a little

recreation in sewing and spinning, and perhaps even in dancing a few steps of the Virginia Reel when the men were not busy. Everyone was having an enjoyable time, until late in the afternoon, when a messenger arrived at the Washington estate. He informed the host and the visiting guests that seven English ships of war, under General Gordon of the British Royal Fleet, were sailing up the Potomac river. The expressed intentions of the British, he said, were unknown; it was believed, however, that troops planned to disembark at Mount Vernon.

When all learned the startling news, the ladies were in a panic, and the men, completely puzzled, did not know what to do. What was the British objective? Was Mount Vernon, an American shrine, about to be destroyed in retaliation for the English defeat by George Washington? Would the people present be injured? Would they be taken prisoners? Seemingly they hoped against hope, for all present remembered the horrible atrocities of the recent Revolutionary War. They stood, however, resolved to meet whatever fate Providence might have in store for them.

With the exception of the intermittent songs of meadow larks, the old mansion took on a deathly quiet. All was doubt. Bushrod Washington, through a large pair of imported field glasses, anxiously watched the movements of the British ships as they slowly sailed upstream. In perfect wedge formation, the ships kept up their steady approach, until they were within a mile of Mount Vernon, where their formation was changed from wedge to single file. As the autumn breezes were quite favorable, the ships gradually approached Mount Vernon. Soon the terrible suspense would be over, for now the fleet was just opposite the mansion house.

The bellowing and reverberating roar of heavy guns was heard, but the guns were not pointed in the direction of the historic homestead. The occupants of the house becoming greatly terrified, were very much bewildered, when they saw each ship, as it passed the tomb of Washington, fire a salute and toll its watch-bell in honor of that great soldier. The ringing of those bells, in fact, re-awakened in the hearts of these Americans the spirit of patriotism, and inspired them with an exalted feeling of final triumph.

III.

During five long and tedious years, the United States had been a house divided against itself. A strange irony of fate it was, indeed, to know that the tomb of George Washington, the sepulcher of him who had been the Father of his Country was located in what temporarily seemed to be foreign land. Everywhere throughout the entire country, the havoc of civil war could be felt, for some of the best blood of the nation had been spilled; yet American patriotism always remained steadfast, steadfast in Abraham Lincoln, whether in triumph or in disaster. Through the loyal support of the American people, the dreadful war was finally ended to the joy of both friend and foe.

Abraham Lincoln, the western rail-splitter, and the fifteenth successor of George Washington, was not the man that he had been when he first became president of the United States. A surprising change had come over him. His once vigorous face, now worn by the stains of war and covered with whiskers, assumed a very cadaverous appearance. Gone was that characteristic light that seemed to radiate from his eyes, leaving those weary eyes sunken far beneath their enormous brows. The agony of his soul

could clearly be seen, for over his whole face there appeared an expression of fear and sadness.

When the news reached Lincoln that Richmond, the capitol of the confederacy, had fallen, he, though weakened and haggard, was so overjoyed that he resolved to visit the suffering city in order that he might reconcile it and its people to the indissoluble Union. His tender spirit of kindness made him feel like a father, not only to the loyal, but also to the prodigal sons of the nation. It was his gracious spirit of generosity that caused him to ask the services of a United States battleship, under command of Admiral Porter, to sail down the river, not yet freed of mines, and to visit a stricken people.

The blue Potomac, although hostilities had just ceased, was already lively with shipping, joyful with colored bunting and gay with music. Several ships were passed that had become stranded on the sand banks, but the president was too preoccupied to give them any consideration. He hurried to his objective, the hills of Virginia, which seemed to be a lost Paradise. As the ship slowly continued its difficult journey, many were the thoughts, horrible and haunting, that passed through the mind of Lincoln. Seated in silence near the ship's railing, he glanced up to notice the familiar sight of Mount Vernon, situated on the opposite bank. Suddenly a bugle sounded taps, then the glorious flag, gently floating in the spring breezes, was lowered to half mast; the guard and the officers saluted and stood at attention, until the ship-bell tolled in reverence for that hallowed spot.

When all had ceased but the dying echoes of that mellow bell, Lincoln, the saviour of the country that Washington had founded, lifted his head, and with a far away look in his eyes softly spoke: "Wash-

ington is the mightiest name on earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe we pronounce that name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on.”

IV.

The magic wand in the deft hand of time and progress created a new America. Gigantic smoke-belching factories, with their ever-devouring greed, had taken the place of the little fireside tinker-shops of the earlier colonial days. This modern age had greatly affected the social destiny of the American nation; wondrous things of dazzling variety were to be seen in every household; many and radical were the departures brought about in technology by electrical devices; the radio, the automobile, and the airplane were everywhere considered common necessities. During this wonderful industrial transformation, the United States had spread out across an entire continent. The lately developed waterways and the iron bands of the steam railroads held this mighty nation together. At important intersections, large and prosperous cities had grown up, seeming to have matured so fast that they appeared to all to be huge mushrooms in some fabulous, mythological dream.

Philadelphia, once the capitol of the original thirteen colonies, had now become a city of nearly two million people. Here the rush and roar, so characteristic of large cities, was exteremely loud, for the noise of the elevated tramways and that of thousands of automobiles, hurrying people to their various duties, intensified the clamor of the busy factories. When the early morning fog arose, and before the

heavy clouds of dense smoke had replaced it, while the atmosphere was still clear, afar off in the distance the towering Philadelphia skyline could be distinctly seen. The recently built office buildings, piercing the gray clouds, appeared to be modern reconstructions of the ancient tower of Babel. Each seemed to fit into the dizzy whirl of this big city.

In an older and quieter part of the city, however, there stood, surrounded by beautiful trees and flowers, a quaint building of colonial architecture, known as Independence Hall. Although the tower of this building was dwarfed by the lofty sky-scrapers of the business section, it had more renown than any other building in the city. Today, it was especially decorated, to celebrate the bicentennial anniversary of George Washington's birth. The famous hall, in which the Declaration of Independence had been adopted and in which George Washington had taken command of the American army had again become a place of bustling activity. An elaborate program to be broadcast over a large chain of radio stations, had been prepared. There were numerous speeches by national characters, music by famed musicians, and special memorial ceremonies in honor of Washington.

When all the participants in these ceremonies had assembled, they were conducted into a chamber, the very atmosphere of which was colonial, and in which stood the famous Liberty Bell. This bell, that once had rung out all the news of great public importance, now stood, on giant supports, in the center of the hall. After the "Star Spangled Banner" had been played and after this large audience had become seated, the chairman of the meeting introduced the honorable mayor of Philadelphia. With a sedateness that is such a common trait of that lofty office, the

mayor arose, and spoke a few words that were most appropriate to the occasion. He then, turning to the historic bell, and having taken a small mallet into his hands, gently tapped that bell thirteen times, once for each decade that had passed since the death of Washington.

Throughout the entire country, by means of radio, the bell of freedom was heard, ringing from the hall of liberty, in honor of a beloved father of a nation. When the notes of this bell had sounded throughout the land, its fading echoes artfully left the earth to join the echoes of all the other bells that have been ringing for the last one-hundred and thirty-three years in honor of the venerable Father of our country, whose remains now repose in the tomb at Mount Vernon.



To Washington

by Joseph N. Wittkofski

Like burnished silver evening's starlight falls
Upon the foam of gay Potomac's wave,
While falling night through waning twilight calls
A nation to its father's honored grave.
Here rests that dust which lived long years ago
And saw the burning towns and ruined farms;
That dust which led against the warring foe
Those soldiers brave who carried Freedom's arms.

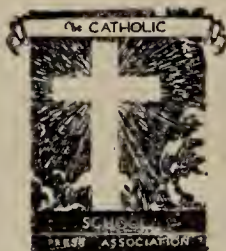
Oh Washington! thy name shall ever live,
Until the waves of time will cease to roar;
Where place for sound unmeasured space can give
'Tis there your name will ring forevermore.
Although your form is gone, your soul remains
As Freedom's soul, in Freedom's broad domains.

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MARTHA WASHINGTON

In these days when the evil of divorce is so rampant, it is indeed a pleasure to reflect on the lives of men and women of earlier days—lives that are genuine examples of what true married life should be; lives that portray the husband as the provider and protector of the home; the wife as a homemaker and mother of a loving family. Such was the life of George and Martha Washington. This close union of almost half a century presents to the world a delightful picture of marital partnership and mutual devotion.

Martha Washington was always the ideal wife to the immortal Founder of our Republic. In her calm sympathy and warm love, Washington found just the comfort and inspiration he needed to battle against the many complexities confronting him. From the very day of their marriage until the day when death separated them, Martha Washington devoted her life to the care and comfort of her husband. His wishes were her law; when he was harrassed and driven to the breaking point by the many problems of his official life, she was his confidant: the inspiration that impelled him onward to do bigger and greater things.

Every American owes Martha Washington undying homage for the gracious poise and calm, womanly dignity with which she conducted her own full measure of patriotic services for the struggling republic. Her's was a difficult task as the first "Lady of the Land", but she set a wonderful example of tact, diplomacy, wisdom, kindness, zealous

patriotism, industry, and economy as the mistress of the presidential mansion. Never was she known to blunder. She possessed a perfect mastery of every situation, for her poise and dignity never left her. Never once in the long years of her husband's public career did she handicap his efforts or interfere with his plans.

Just as each stage in George Washington's colorful career seemed to eventuate for the purpose of preparing him for some more important service he was to perform, so the pattern of his wife's life unfolded and adapted itself to support and supplement his own activities. For Martha Washington her husband's life was always her own. On the other hand, Washington's appreciation of his wife never waned. Witness the fact, that after his death, a servant had occasion to remove a miniature of her from about the neck of him who had been to her a faithful husband—a lover until the end.

L. J. E.

“Washington's is the mightiest name on earth—long since the mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no eulogy is expected.” Lincoln.

It is always interesting to note the observation that one great man makes concerning another. Particularly is this interesting when both men have much in common, when both are possessed of the same upright and highly principled character, when both have devoted themselves to the same life's work.

While it is praiseworthy that everybody who is a citizen of the United States should in the course of this month of February do homage to the memory of the “Father of his Country,” it would certainly be

a thankless attitude on the part of that same citizen if he were to forget the debt of gratitude he owes to a man no less worthy of esteem and acknowledgment. That Washington was a God-send to the struggling colonies in their hour of dire need is long since a universally accepted fact. But did not the dark days of the secession stand in need of an equally great man? Was it not both fortunate and providential that Abraham Lincoln acceded to the same office of dignity in which Washington achieved undying fame?

All will admit that the thoughts expressed by Lincoln in regard to Washington, as given at the opening of these lines, are most true, but very coincidentally these thoughts are just as true of Lincoln himself. Washington has a secure place in our memory, but the place held by Lincoln is no less secure. If Washington was the "Father of our Republic," then for a certainty, Lincoln is its most loyal son. To give our country existence was the work of Washington; to save this work and render its author immortal was the work of Lincoln. Both fought for the same purpose—liberty; both fought for the same flag—the Stars and Stripes.

Though this month of February, 1932, is commemorative of the bicentennial of Washington's birth, and as such is dear to the heart of every true patriot, yet Lincoln, who is in so many respects like Washington, should not be forgotten. Inasmuch as Washington had to organize the colonies into a Union, in that same sense Lincoln had to preserve that Union when it came to be distracted by civil war. Both have been "long since the mightiest in the cause of civil liberty," and both, for this reason, should be equally dear to the people of these United States.

W. J. C.



A recent editorial in the *Shadows of Creighton University* decried the lack of literary support on the part of the student body. The editor bemoaned the fact that there were only a faithful few who contributed work for publication. To a certain degree this seems applicable in the case of many school publications. This condition, I think, is more or less a result of the, let us call it, literary bashfulness on the part of students. It is a common observation that once a student submits a production successfully, he soon follows up his triumph with more and undoubtedly better efforts. Therefore the first step must be towards instilling into the students a feeling that their work is desired and will be given a fair chance. School publications must endeavor to overcome this inferiority complex of the students. A partial conquest of this evil will be a great advance towards success—a magazine representative of the student body.

In the December issue of the *Marywood Bay Leaf* names appeared and reappeared with such frequency as to lead one to believe that Marywood is suffering from just that state of affairs which has brought the particular editorial from Creighton University, and is causing many an editorial worry. However, the *Bay Leaf* must be given credit for possessing a staff who, though they do most of the writing, are certainly producing work that has a finished touch about it.

Without doubt the most significant article in the entire issue is the Christmas play, "A Shepherd's Pipe is Little Enough," which relates the story of a

young shepherd's unbounded generosity in offering, as a gift to the Christ Child, the shepherd's pipe of his dead father. The mental combat between his desire to give a present to the newborn Child and his love of the pipe is touchingly brought out. The play is indeed simple, yet it succeeds in expressing the true spirit of Christmas. After having read its three scenes one feels just a little more tolerant of his fellowmen.

The unquestionable merit of the verse scattered throughout the magazine shows that the youthful bards of Marywood have attained a certain degree of adroit feeling which is lacking in the pseudo-poets of our day. The Editorial department is well written up, though one would think that a single editorial on Christmas would be sufficient to stir the Yuletide spirit in any reader. The color scheme of this issue clearly indicates a praiseworthy aesthetic sense on the part of the editor.

The Phoenix from Montpelier Seminary presents a puzzle as yet unsolved. The very first story, "A High School Tomato", is inexplicable in its make-up. The narrative begins in the "bing bing" style tabooed by even the newspaper except in certain instances—a short story is certainly not one of them. At the middle of the "High School Tomato" an interesting plot emerges from the hitherto conglomerate of words, and it ends with an artistic flourish.

"The Poisoned Pickle" is a light and amusing satire on the dime novel. The selections for the American History and Modern History football team display interesting mental gymnastics. "Can't We Be Friends?" a play which endeavors to cover the history of the world from 1872 to 1907, though quite original, is a trifle grotesque in its conceptions.

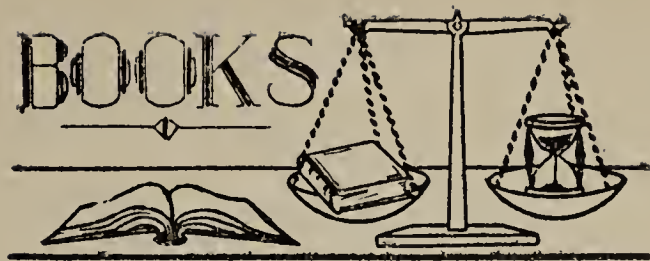
"La Langue Francaise" is a department praise-

worthy in both its intentions and material. The "Music" department is good, only too brief. The editor of "Smiles" is to be congratulated on his keen wit, his facility of recasting jokes, and constructing humorous verse.

We wish to acknowledge:

The Aurora; The Black and Red; The Canisius Monthly; The Chronicle; The Gonzaga Bulletin; The Gothic; The Life; The Loyola Quarterly; The Ambrosian; The Rosarian; The Shadows; The Gleaner; The Olivia; The Pelican; The Pilgrim; The Quarterly; The Rensselaerien; The St. Vincent College Journal; The Flambeau; The St. Mary's Collegian; The High School News.





That Iron Duke
WELLINGTON, by Philip Guedalla.

This Wellington, the Iron Duke, the Drill-Master of Europe, and the hero of Waterloo—who was he? To us Americans he was something disastrous to Napoleon, that and not much more. In the legends and near-legends of history, the career of the Duke is eclipsed, except for that one bright annulus, Waterloo. By the exalted spectacle of the Emperor's ascension to power, he is remembered, duly enough, as the conqueror of the conqueror of Europe. Waterloo, however, was a battle lost by Napoleon rather than won by Wellington. Historians, as well as we ourselves, think it regrettable that there was a deficiency of Nelsonic heroics or Napoleonic dash in the Duke's greatness. But Bonaparte possessed a radiant magnetism graced with the innate qualities of the Latin—eloquence and dramatic gesture; while in Wellington, with his English characteristics of sententiousness and matter-of-factness, these attractive qualities were almost wholly lacking.

In a scintillating style common to the writers of the new school of biography, one of its pre-eminent exponents, Philip Guedalla, has produced what none before him had produced—a full-length biography of the popular English hero. Etched on a tremendous background, with wit, satire, and irony on its author's palette, "Wellington" is a commanding book.

Guedalla's finest contribution to our understanding the Duke is his picture of him as a self-made man. As an awkward, unambitious youth, Arthur Wesley (which was then Wellington's name), entered

Eton College with his brother, Gerard, who far surpassed him in scholastic attainments. Here Arthur learned a smattering of Latin elegiacs and made some progress in playing the violin. Back at home in Dublin once more, seventeen and idle—a disappointment to his mother, who announced without enthusiasm that he was “food for powder and nothing more.” To be even that, one must be in the army. But one day Arthur Wesley smashed his fiddle across his knees and decided to be somebody. Perhaps, as Guedalla argues, he made this resolution on account of his love for Kitty Pakenham, whom he afterwards quite accidentally married. At any rate he did join the army when his influential brother, Richard, secured a commission for him. So thus far his rise had been purely superficial. Now that he was a lieutenant, he became serious and read astoundingly practical books. It was, says the author, this habit of reading, formed during early manhood, that made him the great soldier he was, and that in a very roundabout way caused the downfall of Napoleon. Arthur was really making something of himself.

At the beginning of the second phase of his life, the embryo Duke brought to a successful close a several-years' campaign in India. Returning to England as a Major-General in his Majesty's army, he was soon appointed to command the English forces in the Spanish peninsula. His ambitions were no longer idle dreams, but realities. In Spain, as is well known, he perseveringly fought the French for seven long years, pushing them little by little back across the shaggy Pyrenees into France. During this time he experimented and perfected the invincible English square which was to prove so

fatal to the flying French columns in 1815; during this time, too, by slowly sapping the strength from the Emperor's forces and resources, he was winning Waterloo. Then, the actual invasion of France itself; (1815), on the field of Waterloo; victory.

A famous man, now as he opens the last stages of his life, holding all the titles that England and a dozen other countries could give him, he found his advice sought in every turn of politics—virtually he was master of England. In the succeeding chapters, when treating of the Duke's post-military career, Guedalla reaches his acme as a biographer. He convincingly shows that Waterloo was no chance victory, that Wellington could still win like battles even though he did conduct his political activities as Prime Minister on a strictly military basis. There is something idyllic in the author's description of the last years of Wellington; he presents charmingly his hero's intellectual capacity and, better known, his love for children. To see the Iron Duke playing on the floor with children and to hear him addressed as "Dukey" is a most striking contrast to the picture of him on the fields of Belgium!

Guedalla has written his book with rare achievement. Quite unwittingly he takes much of "the iron out of the Duke and explains what is left." He has written a wonderful tribute to Wellington, and Wellington, always courteous, has made Guedalla's reputation as a biographer undeniably secure. Were I to name what to my mind are the seven best biographies written according to the "new" historical method, Philip Guedalla's book would find a high place. The list would read:

- “Queen Victoria,” by Lytton Strachey.
“Isabella of Spain,” by William T. Walsh.
“Wellington,” by Philip Guedalla.
“Napoleon,” by Emil Ludwig.
“Marie Antoinette,” by Hilaire Belloc.
“Francois Villon,” by D. B. Wyndham Lewis.
“As God Made Them,” by Gamaliel Bradford.
-

American Mythology

CORONADO'S CHILDREN, by J. Frank Dobie.

Some four hundred years ago Francisco Coronado, driven on by the strange tales of Cabeza de Vaca, the first great American traveller, prepared an immense expedition for the quest of El Dorado and the Seven Cities of Cibola, “the inhabitants of which wore civilized raiment, lived in palaces ornamented with sapphires and turquoises, and possessed gold without end.” Across unknown mountains and desert plains, through deep ravines and canyons, Coronado rode with his armament of three hundred Spaniards, one thousand Indians, one thousand extra horses, herds of swine and sheep, to bring back loads of glistening gold and jewels. He rode—only to find a few savages squatting in front of their mud huts, or skulking at the heels of drifting buffaloes; he returned—to report how fantastical his dreams had been, but he was not believed.

Through the generations these tales have gone on and have been enhanced by later myths and legends of treasures, buried gold, silver, and jewels. Even today these tales continue, for they satisfy something in the nature of man that is eternally romantic and young; they mean to Americans what Venus or Hercules meant to the ancients. At the present moment they are being spread about, from

mouth to mouth, in the Southwest. And those who believe and dream are Coronado's children.

I would hardly dare to outline any one of the many tales collected in Mr. Dobie's book—that would only be subtracting from its spell of delight. Tales wild as tales are written; they are replete with Indians, Spanish colonies and missions, bandits and outlaws, visionaries and dreamers, flights of treasure caverns, sudden desertion of mines and stores, caves filled with debris and masonry, signs planted, charts drawn. Indeed, the glamorous tone of the history of the Southwest could lead to almost any myth. "These (tales) are all that the imagination could desire. The stories turn on fabled sources of wealth, on silver bars hidden in river beds, on mines that were worked, lost, found and lost again, on inherited secrets, on contests with the perils of the desert, relentless heat, thirst, snakes, and evil spirits of Indian lore, or great bare wastes, plains, mountains, where the exact fabulous spot can be sought for generations and never found."

With "Coronado's Children: Tales of Lost Mines and Buried Treasures of the Southwest," Mr. Dobie has given the world its first handbook of American mythology. For truly the representative myths of America are the myths of Coronado's children. The charming appeal of Mr. Dobie's book ought to be secure, at least for those who have not yet lost that treasure-hunting romance of certain books that have always interested the young.





“Friendship is the wine of life.”

Perhaps these mysterious words were written long before the advent of our “noble experiment,” but no matter how vague the term, “wine,” as now understood, we realize, nevertheless, that at some time it must have been powerfully important. And that is exactly our point, for friendship is a matter of greatest importance to all. While we journey through the rocky valley of life, the ever burning joy, which serves to strengthen us, is the remembrance of an old acquaintance. The best friendships in life are those that are formed during one’s college days, as the numerous letters received by this department will testify.

From an alumnus, living in the city of Fort Wayne, Ind., who desires that his name should not be mentioned, comes the following communication: “I wish to congratulate you for the fine work, which you have done on the Collegian. The Christmas issue was superb. Each year I have watched the Collegian grow, for believing the Collegian to be the best medium to hold the alumni together, and to keep old acquaintances ever new, I have been a constant subscriber.” Such letters as the foregoing are always welcome. We would like to receive a letter from each alumnus, informing us as to what is his personal opinion concerning the Collegian. Fear not to express your convictions, for we stand open to all for criticism.

“This is a very beautiful country. I have just returned from a week’s visit up in the mountains—not far from here. Although the snow was very

deep, I had a very good time:" thus reads a letter from Jack Snead, and ex'32 man, who now is studying at Mt. Angel College, St. Benedict, Oregon. Here at St. Joe's, Jack will long be remembered as a real "good fellow." The facility of writing, which characterized Jack while he attended this institution, has been recognized at Mt. Angel, for now he holds a responsible position on his school's paper, The Pacific Star. More success to you, Jack!

We have been informed that Father Ferdinand Hoorman, C. PP. S., a member of the class of 1915, had to undergo a serious operation. His position, as Chaplain at the Notre Dame Convent in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is being temporarily held by Father Sylvester Ley, C. PP. S., '19, who, at present, is a student at De Paul University.

Are you a basketball fan? If you are, perhaps you will be interested to know that a former St. Joe boy is succeeding on the "hardwood." Jerome Cook, ex'34, has won a regular berth on the Central Catholic High School Team, at Fort Wayne, Indiana. His fine playing has helped to make his team one of the best in that city.

At a recent presentation of The St. Charles Little Theatre, Carthagen, Ohio, many of our dramatic-famed Alumni were featured in the presentation of a three act drama, "In the Palace of the King." This beautiful pageant was written by William Neidert, '27, and Robert Neumeyer, '29. The plot of the drama was centered mainly about King Herod and secondarily about the birth of Christ. In the climactic scene, and the most gripping scene of the entire play, Herod's guardian angel wages a losing fight with Lucifer for the King's soul. The leading role of this drama was excellently interpreted by

Joseph Scharrer, '27. During the interludes, between the acts, Robert Koch, '28 and Stanislaus Kasper, '28 former members of our College Choir, entertained the audience with several fine vocal selections.

In conclusion, we wish to remind each and every alumnus, that Alumni Day is Monday, May 2. Be sure and arrange your affairs so that you may come back and meet all the "good old boys." We are already planning to make this Alumni Day the greatest ever.

J. N. W.





ASLEEP?

There comes a time each year, when everything goes dead at Collegeville. To begin with, we are in the dead of winter, nature is asleep and naturally, we, human beings, either fall into a state of inertness or slumber. Such is the state in which Collegeville lay during the month of January. Neither good nor bad were doing a thing, all seemed to follow the natural course of events with the least possible exertion.

But here!—Jan. 27th, the day on which the Second Quarterly Exams started, a few fellows went over to the infirmary. On Thursday several more entered Dwenger Hall, but the exams still went on. Now the number had fairly increased, but on Friday others still persisted in filling up the rooms, yet the exams must go on. Saturday several more fell victims to the sickness; the exams were almost over. If a certain group of thirty young men would have decided to become sick four days ahead of their scheduled time, the entire student body might have been privileged to overstep the exams. But, such is the sting of College life.

The symptoms of the ailments have not been definitely disclosed, but it is believed in many cases to be “scaritis of the exams” and in others a cold. We can always depend on exams to break up the monotony of things. And how!

SURPRISE

While busily working one morning in the Collegian office, some of the Staff members were sur-

prised by the appearance of a visiting priest. Courtesy being the aim of all the Staff members, the questions of the Rev. visitor were answered in an accurate and polite manner. Upon later inquiry as to the "who's who" of the Rev. visitor, it was found out that the members of the COLLEGIAN Staff who were at the time working, in the office were honored by a half hour's chat with the Rev. Max Walz, C. PP. S., founder and first director of the Collegian. We sincerely appreciate the visit, but are indeed sorry that we did not know who our distinguished visitor was, for had we known, we certainly would have bombarded him with questions without end.

A RARE SIGHT

Collegevillians have the opportunity about once a year to view an unusual sight on the premises. Friday night preceding the beginning of the Second Quarterly Exams is the time; the Main Building, the place. In every room of the Main Building, from basement to dormitory, the electric light had been turned on—how like the midnight skyline of New York City!—a veritable galaxy of brilliant stars! Thanks to our budding young expressionists and orators for this "rare sight."

CHANGE

About two weeks ago, a large deal was completed, which involved the change of the managers of Ye College Sweete Shoppe. William Coleman and Gilbert Wirtz, two reputable men on the campus, the former, Senior Class President, the latter, General Manager of Athletics, are taking the Sweete Shoppe under their supervision. The new managers hint that due to the present depression, prices shall be arranged so as to accomodate all students.

The retiring managers, Lawrence Gollner and

Bernard Hartlage, leave their business with regret, for it is rumored, that quite a bit of the profits were lost—by eating. Undoubtedly, the change is all for the better, although we do not in the least question the integrity of the first two managers. It is believed that the two present managers will have a “Free Sample Day,” this is something the old set of managers had never thought of (or if they did never put it into effect).

FORTY HOURS

As an aftermath for the examinations, Forty-Hours' Devotions were scheduled from Jan. 31st to Feb. 2nd. The various classes displayed unusual promptness for all the services and for their special adoration periods. As an opportunity for improving themselves spiritually, the students heartily welcomed this time of special prayer. The opening Solemn High Mass, this year, was sung by the Rev. Maurice Ehleringer, C. PP. S., who was assisted by the Rev. Bernard Condon, C. PP. S. as deacon, and the Rev. Walter Pax, C. PP. S. as sub-deacon.

FREE DAY

Free days, be they half or whole, are always a source of pleasure to the students. Naturally after a mental strain, such as the examinations, and after a time of prayer, such as the Forty Hours, a free day was in place. This, the students had on Tuesday, Feb. 2nd. The pleasant morning was climaxed with a thrilling basketball game, while the afternoon was spent in a twofold fashion of diversion. Some students insisted on roaming through the nearby countryside, while the other students, whose chief delight on free days seems to be basketball, played the game until they were fatigued. And such was the end of another free day.

ICE—SKATING

What a break! For two months now the students have been anxiously waiting for the lake to freeze over. Sunday, Jan. 31st, was the day on which the ice was broken—No! not broken but just nice to skate on. Immediately, some thirty-five students seized the opportunity and were out on the lake, skimming across it as if they had been at the sport all year. Indiana weather alone can forecast just how long the ice will last for skating: whether skating is to be short-lived, or whether it is to remain with us for the remainder of the season, will depend upon the good humor of Indiana in determining the weather.

HONOR ROLL

First Class: Henry Kenney, 87 1-5; Thomas Seifert, 85 2-7; Wallace Brining, 75 1-5; Edward Andres, 70 4-5.

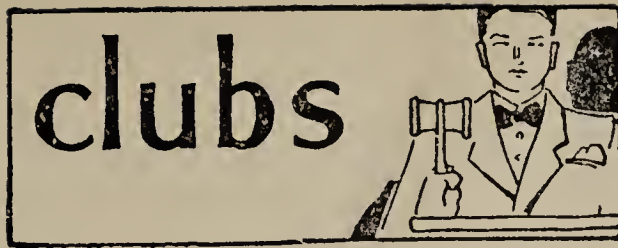
Second Class: Carl Gundlach, 99 4-5; Albert Ottenweller, 94 2-5; Lucian Arata, 93; Denis Schmitt, 92 2-5; Donald Muldoon, 91 1-5.

Third Class: Edward Maziarz, 96 3-7; Anthony Suelzer, 94 3-7; Donald Klaus, 93 3-5; Francis Heydinger, 93 3-7; Ambrose Heiman, 93; Gerald La Fountain, 92.

Fourth Class: William McKune, 96 6-7; Alfred Horrigan, 96; Chester Bowling, 94 1-7; Charles Scheidler, 92 5-7; Lawrence Mossing, 92 2-3.

Fifth Class: William Egolf, 96 2-3; Robert Dery, 95 1-6; Michael Vichuras, 94 1-2; Victor Boarman, 93 1-2; Charles Robbins, 91.

Sixth Class: Charles Maloney, 97 6-7; Joseph Otte, 96 4-7; Robert Nieset, 96 2-7; Herman Schnurr, 95 4-7; Harry Connelly, 94 1-2.



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

It was in 1789, after the question of elections had been ringing in men's ears for some time, that George Washington, by a unanimous vote of the presidential electors, presided over the United States.

On January 10, also after the election of officers had been thoroughly discussed, the Columbian Literary Society similarly entrusted John Byrne with the reigns of government for the second semester. But whereas Washington displayed good judgment in selecting his cabinet himself, the members of the Columbian Literary Society were equally careful in selecting for their president's cabinet, worthy and efficient men. James Conroy by a close vote, was honored with the office of vice-president, while Raphael Gross, who has an instinctive literary ability, was placed beside the president as secretary. Because Gilbert Wirtz has convinced all of his honesty and capability as "general manager of sports," he was deemed worthy to handle the private moneys of the society. Perhaps the most difficult position of all is that of critic, but even for that the Columbian Literary Society members had a "man in their midst"—Herman Schnurr. The duties of the executive committee are very satisfactorily carried out by Joseph Otte, William Egolf, and Stanislaus Manoski. Poor "Barney" Hartlage had his last chance to run for marshal at St. Joe's—he has been campaigning ever since he joined the Newman Club—but the Reverend Moderator appointed Walter Steiger to that office. This is the result of the elections which, all in all, were conducted with unusual smoothness.

When the members of the society re-convened,

on January 24, for the installation of the newly elected officers, their expectations regarding the acceptance speeches ran high; but from the president even down to the marshal there went out such a vibrant note of spirit and enthusiasm that all expectations were more than gratified. The president, in particular, aroused his fellow-members, as a Hannibal would his fellow-soldiers, to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the Columbian Literary Society. "You WILL have to preach" was the cry with which he rent the air. The Reverend Moderator, in conclusion, expressed his firm belief that, with such good will and enthusiasm, the society will not only surpass many previous standards in this semester, but will also set new ones.

At this meeting, a varied program for the eve of Washington's birthday was announced. And what will it be? "Don't miss it" is the least that can be said.

A. A. L.

NEWMAN CLUB

Following in the footsteps of the Columbian Literary Society, the Newmans, too, held a meeting on January 19th, for the election of officers. After the little contest, the result was as follows: Alfred Horrigan, the former critic, and William McKune, the former president, interchanged positions, Horrigan being president, McKune, critic; for the choice of a vice-president three ballots were necessary, Edward Fischer receiving the honor; Valerian Volin, who had served as vice-president during the first semester, advanced to the secretaryship; Dominic Pallone took the purse as treasurer, while Gomar DeCocker, Delbert Welch, and Joseph Fontana constitute the executive committee. The onerous yet honorable position

of marshal fell on Earl Rausch by appointment. As yet, this personnel of officers has not been installed officially.

Remembering the name and position the Newmans have gained for themselves in the field of dramatics by their splendid production of "The Turn in the Road," as mentioned in a previous issue of the Collegian, they should find placid waters to sail over with this set of enthusiasts at the head of the various departments. What "big things" are still coming, are anxiously being awaited.

A. A. L.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

As Herman Kirchner, the president of the D. M. U., called to order the meeting on Sunday evening, Jan. 10th, an undercurrent of expectancy swept the entire assembly. Catholic Action! Catholic Action, which has been introduced into most catholic colleges, is now beginning to take material form at St. Joseph's. Under the leadership of Robert Nieset, the movement for the furtherance of Catholic principles made its debut. A group of timely talks were given on current topics of national interest. Robert Nieset, by way of introduction, again defined Catholic Action. The first speaker of the evening, Charles Maloney chose as his topic "The Relations of America and Europe." After listening to this interesting talk one should easily recall the well-known words of Washington on the subject, "The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible." In a little different trend of thought the second speaker, Joseph Otte, plunged into the ever-waging maelstrom, "The Limitation of Armaments". Someone somewhere

is going to benefit in some way by disarmament. If not, why the wrangling? An entirely different tone was introduced by Alexander Leiker in "The Catholic Church and Peace". William McKune, violinist accompanied by Delbert Welch entertained with several musical selections. Fred Cardinali, our silver-toned tenor, accompanied by the Rev. Camillus Lutkemeier at the piano, sang several songs to the delight of a very appreciative audience, while John Byrne, accompanied also by Father Camillus, gave a delightful musical reading.



SIXTHS TURN IN 24-19 WIN OVER THIRDS

Although shaken to the soles of their sneakers by a thrilling second half comeback on the part of the Thirds, the Sixths finally emerged with a 24-19 victory and the laurels of the first round. As is usual in post-vacation premiers, the game began with a funereal aspect, and not until the half did either team awaken. It was then that the Sixths, on the long end of a 12-4 score, ran in their second team, and the Thirds staged their comeback. One part of the score began to ascend like a thermometer in a Texas steel mill; the other stood as still as a sphinx in the desert. The third quarter ended with the Juniors out on top, 15-12. By this time, however, the regulars were back in the game, and soon Conroy, Zahn, Siebeneck, and Koller found the nets and sent the Sixths to the fore, out of danger, and in temporal possession of the league leadership.

FIFTHS END FIRST ROUND OF SCHEDULE BY DEFEATING THE FOURTHS 21-20

Flashing their new blue and gold uniforms for the first time, the Fifths squeezed through a gripping encounter with the Fourths one mighty point in the lead, 21-20. A last minute one-handed shot by Shad Horrigan of the Fourths froze the stands to a man, but after hugging the rim desperately, the ball finally juggled off, leaving the Fifths in the van.

With the fourth quarter almost half over and with the score tied at 17 all, the excitement began. Frankie Gannon put the Fourths into the lead with a free throw. A few moments later Johnnie Bresnan fouled Mike Vichuras as he shot, and the plucky guard put in both tosses to push the Fifths ahead. The Fourths then called time out. Stan Manoski took the opening tip-off and drove under for a bucket to increase the Fifths' lead to 21-18. Undismayed, Shad Horrigan slipped one in from center to put the Fourths within striking distance once more. The last two minutes were just one big scramble, but the Fifths held on for dear life and came out ahead, 21-20.

FOURTHS TAKE EASY ONE FROM THIRDS 23-9

Employing a delayed offensive which wore down completely the resistance as well as the morale of their opponents, the Fourths won an easy victory over the Thirds by a score of 23-9. The first quarter gave every indication of a real battle, but the superior height of the Fourths soon decided the issue and they came out ahead at the half 19-5. Their new forward combination—Forsee and Miller—showed up nicely. Tink flashed some of his former glory with ten points while Paul Miller came in for six.

FIFTHS BOW TO SIXTHS 31-21

A delightful exhibition of artistic passwork that recalled the days of Maloney, Cross, and Gibson was revealed by the Sixths on January 24th. The Fifths were taken by surprise and played far below their previous form. Siebeneck, Koller, and Conroy piled up points in pro style, while inability to follow up erring shots proved disastrous to the younger team. Leonard and Vichuras of the Fifths, however, turned in pleasing performances.

ACADEMIC LEAGUE NOTES

From the very first game of the season up to date the Acs have been playing exceptional basketball. There has been much less of the burlesque and more of serious rivalry than ever before. The first game, however, was as one sided as an interview with Floyd Gibbons; the score was 35-15, with the Fourths out on top over the College freshmen. Pankie Elder, Dub Welch, and Charles Kelty did most of the scoring with manager Earl Rausch guarding the home interests.

Following this, on January 18th the Sixths after a late start dubbed the Thirds 23-15. Some amazing shooting on the part of Deacon Schnurr gave the younger team very little encouragement, and added to this was the fact that Gib Wirtz, who usually contents himself with a free throw, came in for three baskets, and still worse that Matt Lange made nine points. The Thirds, to the surprise of all, played a snappy brand of basketball, but faded out before the Sixths' last half barrage of field goals.

The last game of the series proved to be another downfall for the Juniors, the Fourths this time administering the drubbing by a score of 25-11. Bob Woodard and Dub Welch, though somewhat retarded

by Dom Pallone, easily captured the laurels of the day. Red Minick and Paul Henderlong kept the Thirds in the fight with timely underbasket shots, but their team was hopelessly outclassed.

MIDGET LEAGUE NOTES

Although the brand of basketball now displayed in the Midget League is below that of former years, the League has been anything but dead. At the time of our last publication the Hoosiers and Tinker's Sinkers were tied for first place. Now the Sharpshooters and Tinker's Sinkers are scraping it out for the League leadership. Just what happened? Well, Tinker's Sinkers started the ball rolling by downing the Hoosiers 18-12 in a rather rough scramble. Jim Thornbury threw in a couple of his one-handed specialty shots, while Al Wight as usual took care of the floorwork and Urbie Kuhn came in for much needed points when the going got stiff. Gene Zimmerman looked best for the losers with six points.

Not even the most optimistic fan would have conceded the Cagers a chance to win when they trotted out on the floor to meet the league leading Sinkers, but they came through with a 14-12 double-overtime victory. Pants Metzger slipped under the drapes for the winning basket in the second overtime period. Next the Sharpshooters took a rather slow and uninteresting game from the Hoosiers by a score of 18-13 to put them in a tie for first place with the Sinkers. There were no outstanding performers for either side. Everyone contributed his little bit, but it just happened that the Sharpshooters contributed a little bit more. The January activities for the Midget League came to the close with a shutout. Believe it or not, the Hoosiers shut out the Cagers 10-0. Steininger was high point man for the day with four points.



New Yorkers and Californians are said to be the most self satisfied classes of Americans. They should be—they can't get any further away from Indiana and still stay in the country.

Dwyer—A man dropped three hundred feet from a building the other day and wasn't even hurt.

Hurlow—Impossible.

Dwyer—No, they were pickled pigs feet.

Lemkuhl—Be jabbers. I think O'im gonna have bad luck.

Doctor—What makes you think so?

Lemkuhl—This is the thirteenth time, O've been runover by a ottymobile.

SIMILES

As spotless as Joe Lenk on a Saturday night;
As brilliant as Iggy Stohr after a tough exam;
As ambitious as Bill Egolf on Monday morning;
As carefree as a freshman on his first freeday.

Pilot Heilman—Yes, we went up seven thousand meters today.

Demure Dery—Oh Tom, do they use those things on air planes too? And you didn't send me a picture postcard either.

Spaulding—I see where a man fell off of a platform onto a track directly in front of a speeding engine.

Welsh—Horrible, killed him of course!

Spaulding—No, the engine was backing up.

Cardinali—How much for this suit?

Store Keeper—Sixty dollars.

Cardinali—Then don't bother to make any pockets; I won't need them.

Amos—Do you know what surrounds the ocean Andy?

Andy—Sho, Amos, sho.

Wirtz—What do you think of that two for a dollar cigar, I gave you?

Prof.—Aren't the grades up yet?

Proprietor—You can't leave this hotel without paying your bill.

Byrne—O. K. Mister, I'm with you for good.

Doctor—You must quit head work for a long time.

Leiker—But, Doctor, how can I live?

Doctor—Oh, a budding author?

Leiker—No, I'm a barber.

Prof.—What element appears to you to be the most powerful?

Hoover—The feminine element.

OUR FISH STORY

One day Manoski hit the Wood-ard. He wanted to be a Fischer man. He was told that on the Dery farm he would find Moore Wurms than he could use. With little Iffert he soon procured an entire Gross. Heck-man, you would have thought that to be enough, but no, he went to the Miller and asked Kenn-ey have Moore? The Miller wondered "Otte put Manoski in a Ward or not?" The long and short of it

are Mallifske and Seifert and with that the oracle of Delphos closed shop. Moral? Don't sing in your soup.

Dirksen—When is the best time to pick apples?

Robbins—That's easy. When the farmer's back is turned.

"Guess I lost another pupil," said the professor, as his glass eye rolled down the sink.

De Cocker: Now that that's settled; what day of the week is this?

Missler: Half past ten.

De Cocker: My mistake; I thought it was October.

ONE-ACT PLAYLETTE

Scene—The Showers.

Connelly—Say, who is in shower thirteen?

Nieset—The smartest guy in Collegeville.

Connelly—I'm sorry, I thought Bob Nieset was in there.



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February 21-22-23

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February 28-29-March 1

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March 6-7-8

"UNION DEPOT" with Douglas Fairbanks and
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C. L. S.

SUITABLE DESSERT FOR A

LITERARY BANQUET

TWO DRAMATIC THRILLERS

"THE OTHER SIDE" and **"THREE FRIENDS"**

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Monon,

Indiana

MOSES LEOPOLD

Attorney-At-Law

Rensselaer, Indiana

**College Side Lunch
and**

Service Station

James Jonas, Prop.

HOTEL

HOOSIER INN

DR. W. L. GRANT

Dentist

Above the Fashion



*Quality
Wise*

Serve...

EDELWEISS

JOHN SEXTON & CO.
MANUFACTURING WHOLESALE GROCERS
CHICAGO

The advertisement features a central illustration of a smiling chef in a white uniform and tall hat, holding a can of Edelweiss Lima Beans. The can is labeled 'EDELWEISS' and 'LIMA BEANS' with a small floral emblem. The text 'Quality Wise' is written in a stylized script above the chef, and 'Serve...' is written in a similar script below. The brand name 'EDELWEISS' is prominently displayed in large, bold, block letters. At the bottom, the company name 'JOHN SEXTON & CO.' is written in a bold, sans-serif font, followed by 'MANUFACTURING WHOLESALE GROCERS' and 'CHICAGO' in smaller text. The entire advertisement is framed by two vertical rectangular borders on either side.

Students of St. Joseph's! Make
FENDIG'S REXALL DRUG STORE

Your Headquarters when in the city.

You will find it a good service station.

EMMET M. LaRUE

Attorney At Law

Rensselaer, Indiana

STATE BANK OF RENSSELAER

Some are Larger None are Better Few as Good

"Safety First Is Our Motto"

TYPEWRITERS

Both Portable and Standard Makes

Also Typewriter Paper in large and small quantities

THE JASPER COUNTY DEMOCRAT

Phone — 315

Compliments of
THE COLLEGE
SWEET SHOPPE

—SEE—
BROTHER DAVID

Barber Shop
Tobacconist

O'Riley's Bakery

PASTRIES SATISFY

THAT WISH FOR

AN EXTRA SWEET

FACULTY

STUDENTS

Patronize the advertizers whose kind co-operation
contributes much to the success of this
publication.

Candy

Soft Drinks

Ice Cream

Good Eats

Cheerful Service

Smokes

Magazines

Wright's Restaurant

"St. Joe's Boys are always welcome."

THE DUNES ART STUDIO

Have enjoyed making the photographs for the Class of 1931. Only our highest grade workmanship is used in all school work. We will be pleased to have our representative call and submit samples and prices for any class work.

The Dunes Art Studio

"Gary's Leading Photographers"

527 Broadway

Gary, Indiana

WORDEN & KELLER

Restaurant and Fountain Service

"Most For Your Money"

Bring Your Guest and Friends to

HOTEL MAKEEVER

for their Sunday Dinners

"We Serve The Best"

IROQUOIS ROLLER MILLS

Ralph Sprague, Prop.

Manufacturers of hard and soft Wheat Flour, Buckwheat,
Graham, Rye, and Pancake Flours.

We Specialize in Poultry Feeds.

Make a real pleasure of
needed daily exercise.

Bowling and Billiards

CLAY DEWEES

3 doors S. of Palace

RENSSELAER DRY

CLEANING WORKS

H. B. TUTEUR

Courtesy of

THE TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Rensselaer, Indiana

Compliments of
ECONOMY STOKER COMPANY

Fort Wayne, Indiana

DR. KRESLER, M. D.

Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat

Rensselaer, Indiana

H. & H. PHARMACY

Everything in the Drug
Line

"Visit Our Fountain"

North of Court House

B. A. RAILTON CO.

Wholesale Grocers

363-405 West Erie St.

Chicago.

PEERLESS CLEANERS AND DYERS

Phone — 70

Tailoring

Mending

Suits Made To Measure.

C. J. DEAN & SON

Real Estate, Insurance,
and Loans.

Rensselaer, Indiana

CLARKE, The Jeweler

Where Quality and Serv-
ice Count.

Watch Repairing a
Specialty

A. WARTENA & SON

General Blacksmithing
Plowwork Horseshoeing

Phone 112

Rensselaer, Indiana

We wish to announce
to the Faculty and students
our affiliation with
THE WALGREEN CO.

We urge you to take
advantage of this opportunity
to save on your
Drug Store buying.

LONG'S DRUG STORE

Compliments of

**THE
ATHLETIC
ASSOCIATION**

Halleck & Halleck

Attorneys At Law

Rensselaer, Indiana

DR. E. F. SUTHERLAND

Dentist

Phone 623-A

Murray Building

Compliments of

THE FISHER AUTO TOP COMPANY

Norwalk,

Ohio

J. A. GRANT & SON

Local and Long Distance Hauling

Rensselaer,

Indiana

RENSSELAER X-RAY LABORATORY

X-Ray Photographs—X-Ray Treatments

I. M. WASHBURN, M. D.

C. E. JOHNSON, M. D.

WARNER HARDWARE

General Hardware, Stoves,
Radios and Electrical Supplies

Phone 61

DR. F. A. TURFLER

A straight backbone works better than a crooked one.

“Cause of Arthritis Deformans Found”

Murray Building

Phone 300

CALLAHAN & KANNE

The Place to Buy Your

C O A L

Phone — 273

HOLDEN

GREENHOUSE

“Say It With Flowers”

Phone 426

We satisfy even the most
particular.

ED GILMORE'S

BARBER SHOP

Supply Your Needs At
MURRAY'S DEPARTMENT STORE

Furnishings

Toilet Goods

"Eats"

"Friendly Fives" SHOES at \$5.00

THE HUB

"Quality With Economy"

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes
Mallory Hats Walk-Over Shoes Kingly Shirts
Rensselaer, Indiana

HANLEY & HANLEY

Attorneys At Law

Rensselaer,

Indiana

Compliments of

RENSSELAER CANDY COMPANY

WHOLESALE CANDIES

Phone 625-White

Rensselaer, Indiana

THE NEW FOWLER LAUNDRY

Appreciates your business and gives you the best in

Dry Cleaning and Laundry Service

at the lowest prices.

Our Truck calls at the College every day.

OUTSTANDING VALUES

Clothing and Gent's Furnishings

"We keep a keen eye on St. Joseph's College"

THE CLOTHING HOUSE OF WILLIAM TRAUB

THE COLLEGE SHOE SHOP

Look at Your Shoes, Every One Else Does.

**We Specialize in Mens' and Boys' Thorogood Shoes
and expert shoe rebuilding.**

Between the City Hall and the New Palace Theatre

H. G. ABBETT CO.

Compliments

of

PITMAN-MOORE COMPANY

DR. HARVE HEMPHILL

Dentist

Office 104; Residence 134

Rensselaer, Indiana

DR. A. G. CATT

Eye Specialist

Rensselaer,

Indiana

